"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF TYROL.

FAITH PUT TO THE TEST.

Chapter II.

In the year 1727, just two centuries after the Reformation had been brought about, an Archbishop of the name of Firmian ruled at Salzburg, who, "more zealous than wise," determined to uproot the tendency to Protestantism which he was well aware was still kept alive like a smouldering fire in the hearts of many of his subjects, and which he imagined might be extinguished by increased firmness and severity. He sent out into the valleys priests and Capuchin monks, with orders to search the cottages of the peasants for German Bibles and Lutheran books of devotion, and make lists of such of the cottagers as were known or suspected of being readers of the Bible; and in case these either refused to give up their valued books, or would not undertake to cease reading them, they were summoned before the bishops to be fined heavily or imprisoned. Among those who were thus convicted, and who openly avowed their Protestantism, were two Salzburgers, who, after three weeks' imprisonment, were set at liberty on condition of their emigrating with their wives and children, and leaving all that they possessed behind them. These men became ambassadors for their fellow-countrymen who held the same opinions, and enlisted on their behalf the interest and intercession of what was called the "Evangelical Council," a sort of permanent diet or synod, which held its sittings at Ratisbon, in Germany, to regulate the affairs of the Protestant Church, and whose authority was acknowledged even by the Catholic princes and rulers. A long correspondence took place between the council and the Archbishop of Salzburg, which had no other result than to strengthen the determination of the latter to allow of no open profession of any religion among the people but that of the Romish Church; and he in his turn appealed to the Emperor of Austria for assistance in quelling by force the tendency to Protestantism among the people. The result of this appeal was that bodies of soldiers were sent into the country from the imperial army, if not to be used against the inhabitants, at all events to intimidate them, and to protect the Archbishop while carrying out his measures of severity. From this time, accordingly, a terrible series of persecutions began against all who were suspected of holding Lutheran opinions, with a view to uprooting them from the country. Priests and Capuchin monks, accompanied by constables, were empowered to enter the cottages of the peasants and search for Bibles and "Lutheran books," as they were called, which when found were immediately burnt, while the owners were fined or imprisoned. Spies were set upon every suspected person, and his smallest actions reported to the priests. They were told when it was noticed that such a peasant was seen to pass a roadside crucifix or image of a saint without bowing in adoration or making the sign of the cross; and they were furnished with lists of the names of those who absented themselves from attendance at mass, or who neglected in their families the performance of any of the enjoined rites and ceremonies. The children of such persons were often carried off and baptised after the manner of the Romish Church, and from that time were looked upon as under the guardianship of the priests rather than that of their parents; and in many cases they were wholly removed from the care of the latter and shut up in monasteries and convents, in order that they might be educated in accordance with Romish doctrine. Children in the

schools were sorted into classes according to the reputed belief of their parents, and the children of such as were known or suspected to be Protestant received the name of the "devil's children." Not to be regular in attendance at mass or at confession was enough to cause suspicion to fall on a whole family, so that many who could no longer throw their hearts into the Catholic services would yet attend them and conform outwardly, to save from persecution those who were dear to them. But in the minds of the people who were thus alienated, and whose clear-sightedness to the errors of the Romish Church was only increased by persecution, there was too strong and deep a feeling of devotion to God for them not to seek to give expression to their sentiments in some form of worship, and thus means were taken by those who were at heart Lutherans to meet together at any risk for prayer and thanksgiving. In spite of the vigilance of the spies, and the strict inquisition made by the priests into all their goings and comings, the Lutherans would thus contrive to meet together at stated times in secluded nooks among the mountains, or the depths of their dark pine forests, there to pray together, sing hymns, or read portions of Scripture from some copy of the Bible which was still preserved among them and held in pious reverence. Concealed perhaps during the week time in a chest of household linen, or among the rafters of their cottage-roof, the precious volume would be taken out in the twilight of the Sabbath evening and carried to the appointed place of meeting, and when read aloud by some member of the community whose superior "book learning" had caused him to be appointed among them as a sort of minister, the people would listen with reverent attention to the words of Scripture, treasuring them in their hearts, and interpreting many a passage as confirmation of their doubts or convictions, while they found in others strength and consolation to support them in the season of anguish and tribulation. In the winter time, when deep snow lay on the ground for many weeks, so as to secure them from the interference of the priests and spies of the archbishop, the inhabitants of the more retired valleys through which ran the lesser streams, such as the Zeffer, the Goldegger, and the Ziller, would even venture to hold these meetings at the houses of the more decided and courageous Lutherans—the others making their way to them after nightfall over the deep snow and rushing streams, at the very risk of their lives. A strong and lasting bond of union was formed between these secret worshippers, and the firmness and constancy of the strong in faith served to uphold the courage of the weak, while it gave testimony to the righteousness of the cause. A sort of freemasonry and secret understanding existed among them which baffled the endeavours of the priests and monks to prevent any exchange of feeling or thought. When a peasant talked to a neighbour about the condition of his crops, the health of his cows, or his success in the chase, he knew well whether such a one were under subjection to the village priest, or whether he, and perhaps his father before him, had become, as Luther had said, "a priest unto himself," finding in the word of God a source of comfort and strength which he had failed to receive from the outward rites and symbols of the Church of Rome; and when once a superstitious reverence for these latter was lost, they became to these simple minds mere vain and empty mockeries; and instead of representing holiness and love, were connected in their thoughts only with unchristian harshness and severity.

In the year 1729 a sort of secret association was formed among the Protestant peasantry, to which was given the name of the "Saltzbund;" and at Schwarzach, a retired village in the Tyrol, is still preserved in the little inn, a table round which the Protestant leaders sat and bound themselves by oath not to forsake their religion. Dearly as they loved their native valleys and homes, they swore to abandon them rather than swerve from their principles. On the table is painted an open Bible with the text, *Dilexerunt magis tenebræ quam lucerna* (John iii. 19), with around the figures of the men who entered into this solemn engagement. In the centre of the table a dish of salt is also represented, since, as each member of the league made his vow he swallowed some salt as a token that the covenant was incorruptible; and from this incident the name of the *Saltzbund*, or "Salt league," was given to the compact thus entered into. This secret association was

probably originated by the salt-miners of the Saltzburg district—a considerable part of the Austrian dominions in the Tyrol—producing salt in great abundance, from which is derived a large revenue to the empire.

In the meantime the Prince Archbishop sat in his palace at Saltzburg, issuing more and more stringent and severe enactments against those whom he looked upon as obstinate heretics and contumacious rebels, and the more deep-rooted the convictions of the Lutherans, the more severe became the edicts passed upon them—the very laws themselves being carried out with savage cruelty and tyranny by the emissaries of the Archbishop, who was content that these things should be done in his name and under the cover of zeal for religion. Every species of social disadvantage was entailed on those whose opinions were known to be Lutheran. Legal forms of marriage were withheld from them, and bequests by will not allowed to be carried out. They were not permitted to appoint sponsors for their children, and, when dying, were often compelled to receive the last sacrament from the hands of Catholic priests. For every non-compliance with a Catholic ceremony or form they were made to pay heavy fines—so many gulden for absence from mass—so many for not keeping appointed fasts—and so many for failing to confess to a priest. All these persecutions and oppressions became at last intolerable to the people, and had the natural and inevitable result of alienating more and more the hearts of the people from the Church of Rome and its priesthood. It is computed that no less than 20,000 of the inhabitants of the Tyrol were at last either secretly or openly Protestants, and this included many who were lying in prisons on account of their opinions, and detained there from inability to pay the fines imposed on them—the prisons being for the most part wretched dungeons, in which they were treated as malefactors, and not only chained, but left by their gaolers to suffer the pangs of hunger from deficiency of food, and subjected to every sort of indignity. Again and again remonstrances were sent through envoys appointed for the purpose from the Evangelical Council to the Archbishop, and proposals were made to him that the Lutheran portion of his subjects should be allowed to leave the country; and, like Pharoah with the Hebrews, he appears to have at first assented to the proposal, and then afterwards withdrawn his permission. At one time he declared that they might emigrate, but forbade their taking with them either their property or their children, who were to be retained in order that they might be educated in the Roman Catholic faith—terms which, of course, were not accepted. While at other times individuals known as Lutherans were forcibly exiled—driven from their homes, and sent beyond the frontiers of Tyrol, wholly destitute of means of support, while the property they left behind was seized and confiscated. Through these exiles, however, it came about that the condition of their fellow-countrymen became known to the rest of Europe, and that their sufferings on account of their religious opinions enlisted the sympathy, not only of the whole Protestant community, but raised up a deliverer powerful enough to prevail with their oppressors. The Emperor of Austria, to whom they had from time to time made appeals, had done nothing for them, being persuaded by the Archbishop that their Lutheranism was but another name for rebellion and political disaffection, and the Evangelical Council had been able to effect nothing by its appeals and remonstrances, and it was left for the staunch Protestant king—Frederick William of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great—to come forward to their aid, and to devise a scheme by which they would be effectually delivered out of the hands of their tyrannical ruler. Two of the Salzburghers, who had been sent out of the country on account of their opinions, made their way up to Berlin, and gaining an audience of the King, petitioned him to befriend the Lutherans of Tyrol, and laid before him a statement of their wrongs; and after having satisfied him that their representations were correct, they were dismissed with the promise of help. Perhaps the King could not at once believe that such things could be, and suspected the two envoys of being mere fanatics, since he caused them to be examined in their religious belief by some of the most eminent clergymen of Berlin, who, finding them not only to be pious and orthodox in their opinions, but truthful and accurate

in their statements, and desirous only of justice and deliverance from cruel wrongs, the King at once took measures for rendering them assistance. After writing first to the other Protestant sovereigns of Europe—the Kings of England, Holland, and Denmark—to secure their sympathy and co-operation, he addressed a letter of remonstrance to the Emperor of Austria, in which he reproached him for the tyranny he had allowed to be exercised over a portion of his own subjects; and urged that the wrong might be redressed, either by allowing the people of Tyrol to obey their consciences in the matter of religion, or by giving them permission to emigrate at will to other lands. It would seem that this appeal was the cause of something like remonstrance from the Emperor to the Archbishop of Salzburg, but the only effect it produced was a forcible expulsion of 900 of the Lutherans from the country, who were sent away in the depth of winter, and obliged to leave all their property behind them. After this the King of Prussia entered into correspondence with the Archbishop himself, and threatening him with severe measures on his own part and that of the other Protestant rulers, in case of opposition, he laid before him a plan for the peaceful emigration of the whole Lutheran population of Tyrol, with all their possessions, while he promised on his own side to receive them as Prussian subjects, and to provide them with homes and means of support within his dominions. The Archbishop, after considerable delay and evasion, was compelled at last to consent to this proposal, and the King forthwith took measures, by means of commissioners sent into all the valleys of Tyrol, to make known to the Lutheran part of the people his invitation to abandon their country and come where they would be welcomed as brethren and be sheltered and protected; and where, above all, they would enjoy the inestimable blessing of being at liberty to worship their God in accordance with their convictions. The invitation thus given, as it were, to not less than 20,000 persons, was thankfully accepted, even though it must have cost the poor Tyrolese many a pang, and perhaps many a struggle between their desire to escape from oppression and the love of their native land, which is one of the strongest and deepest of human feelings. Even the thought of having to leave their homes—the houses in which they and their parents and ancestors for many generations had been born and bred, was a grief, and no greater proof need be shown of the sufferings to which they had been exposed on account of their religion and the yearning they felt to be free to give expression to their cherished belief, than the fact that the whole body of Lutherans thus accepted gratefully this invitation of the King of Prussia, and prepared to emigrate from their country.

In the meantime the King made due preparations for the reception of the large body of people who were to become his guests and subjects. Just at that time it so happened that a considerable district in the north of Prussia on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea had been left almost depopulated by an epidemic fever, which had caused many towns and villages to be destitute of inhabitants, and the ground without means of cultivation. The land was fertile and easily tilled, and though from its level character it was a striking contrast to the mountainous region the poor emigrants were to leave, yet, perhaps, on that very account it held out a strong enticement to people who were accustomed to prize every scrap of land capable of cultivation. It was something for them to have the prospect of many-acred fields, the rich alluvial soil of which would give them abundant harvests of corn, and of wide-spread meadows where their cows would graze the greater part of the year, and from which rich crops of hay could be gathered for winter store. Preparations on a most extensive scale were made by the good King for their future homes. Houses that had fallen into decay were rebuilt and furnished with all that was needful for comfort; farms were stocked and crops sown, so that when the people should have made their way from the far south up to this northern district, they were to find comfortable homes provided for them—farm produce ready for their consumption—schools in which their children could be taught, and churches in which they could meet together for worship in accordance with their religious convictions.

S. W.

[*To be concluded in the next number, with an account of the great Protestant emigration to Prussia in* 1732.]

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring.
Knelt the monk in rapture lost.

Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portal came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstacy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the vision there remain?
Would the vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gates the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their want and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gates of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me, but had the vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a medicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And behold the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

RELIGION OF SAVAGE TRIBES.

II.

We have hinted in a former article that there is an absence of religion among some savage tribes. What do travellers say? The Andamman islanders have no idea of a God. Among them there is not the least sense of shame, and in many of their habits they are as the lower animals. The Californian Indians have no religion among them, and resemble herds of wild animals. They have no word for God or soul. Of the Fuegians it is said that no one ever witnessed or heard of any decidedly religious act among them. The same is true of the Paraguay Indians, who generally rear one child and kill all the rest. According to Crantz, the Greenland Esquimaux, some of his people "have neither a religion nor idolatrous worship, nor so much as any ceremony tending towards it." Dr. Vanderkemp says of some Kaffirs, "I never could perceive that they had any religion, or any idea of the existence of God." This is confirmed by Moffat, Canon Calloway, and others.

When religious ideas prevail among savages, when a God is believed in, it is not in reality a good spirit, but an evil one. It may be said, their gods are devils. The whole atmosphere of savage life is tainted by fear; they are in constant dread of evil spirits, a "Black Man of the Woods," a great and terrible being, a cruel and cannibal spirit; and when their people are ill, it is supposed that this evil spirit is gnawing at the vitals of the sick, and great sacrifices are made to appease and put away this spirit. In Feegee the name of every god implies some evil quality. There is also a vague dread among savage tribes in general of sorcery and bewitchment, of the craft and malignity of spirits. Some may call this religion; they are welcome to do so.

Three conditions of belief appear to be entertained about superior beings among mankind in general: the highest is faith in an all perfect good God; the next is that in which the dominion of the universe is divided between God and the devil; the lowest is that in which nothing but an evil spirit or evil spirits appear to hold a place in the human mind. This lowest state is prevalent among savages.

To many of us the low mental condition of some savage tribes is almost incredible, *i.e.*, full grown men and women are not able to count their fingers. A child among us at three years of age is more than a match in intellect for a savage. Dr. Rae, says, he has seen a husband and wife differing about the number of their children, when they had five; their minds seemed incapable of clearly grasping five. Mr. Crauford, says, that he has examined the numerals of thirty different savage languages, and they never exceed four. They have little language, and do much by signs and gestures, so that when night comes on they cease to talk. They can only correspond in the light of day, or by a fire. Can we much wonder that a people in this state should have few ideas or none about God and religion?

The most painful details of savage life is the treatment of the weak: women and children and aged people. The murder of the little ones is almost universal, one or two children at most being cared for. And in some villages it has been discovered by travellers that the people who attain to forty are soon after destroyed, having passed the prime of life. But the deepest stain of all is the heartless cruelty practised on the women. They take a wife and turn her away or kill her whenever they please. Their wives and dogs are about equal in their eyes. There is no affection, no thanks, no endearment; they have neither the feeling nor the word to express "love." As soon as a child can insult its mother and shift for itself it does so. And neither parent nor child thinks of each other again, nor helps one another more. Mr. Hunt tells of being once at the funeral of a mother, by the invitation of her son, and the woman walked along in the procession to her own grave, where she was strangled and buried; and all agreed that this was the right thing. In some places of Africa the old are turned into the woods to be devoured by wild beasts.

How unwisely are some people enamoured by what is called the freedom of savage life, No savage is free. All over the world they are the slaves of fear, custom, and tyrannies perfectly appalling. Sir G. Grey, the late Governor of New Zealand, says, "To believe that man in a savage state is endowed with freedom, either of thought or action, is erroneous in

the highest degree." And a great deal of that idle raving about liberty among civilised people is as empty of meaning as it can be. Truth and justice, purity, and intelligence among men, in their hearts and homes, are the best guarantees of liberty.

The burial customs among all races are interesting. The forms of interment may be noted under four heads: Some savages inter as we do, in the earth; some scaffold the dead on trees, well wrapped up; some burn their dead; and some put them on a raft and push them off on the nearest waters, where they are probably soon sunk. The belief in a hereafter is found among the most of savage races, but it is not universal. The doctrine of rewards and punishments can have no hold of a people who are without the ideas of right and wrong. The idea of a future life is entertained even when it exercises little or no influence upon human actions.

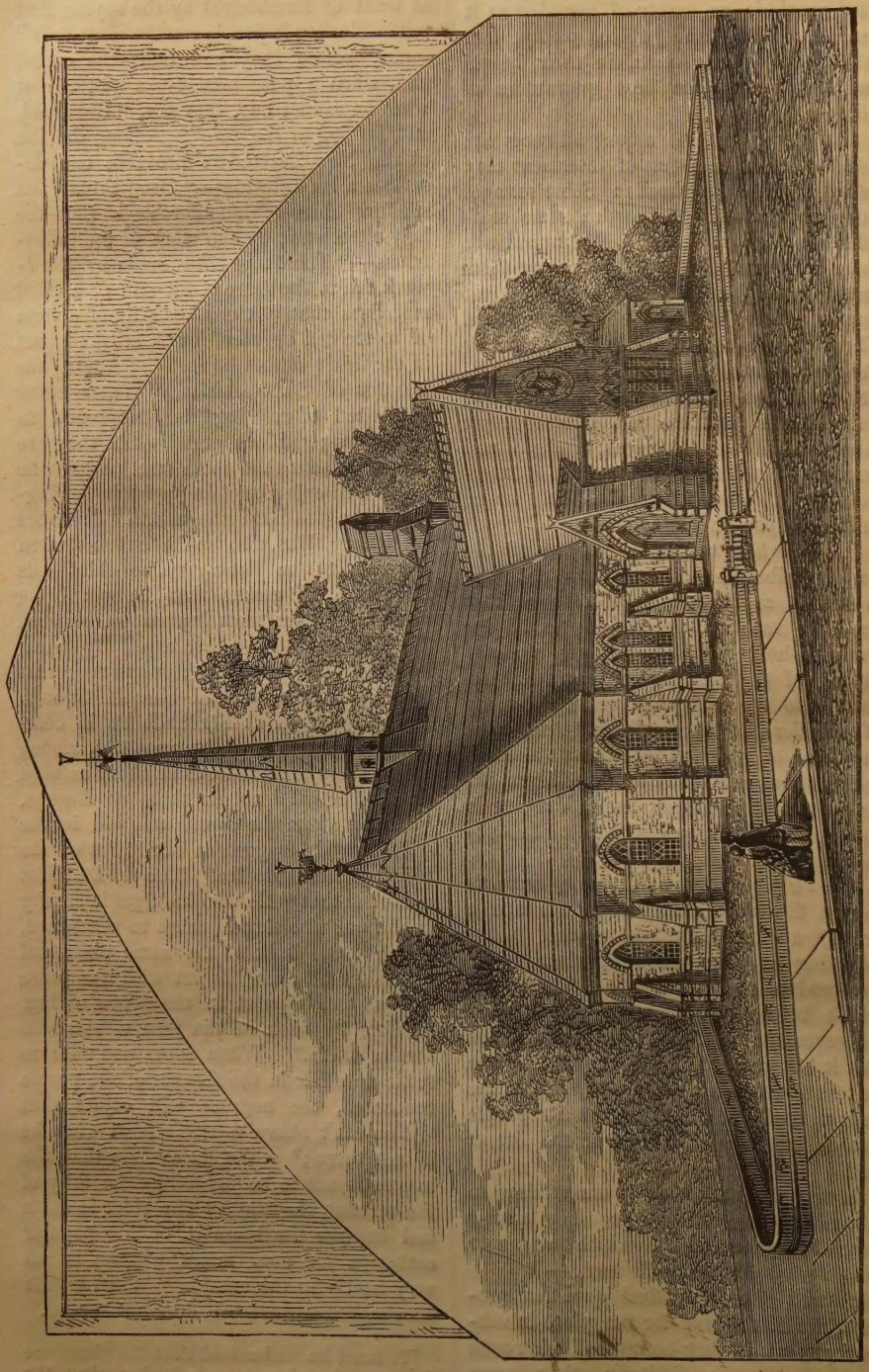
From what we have learned of the various tribes in the lowest state of life, it is evident, as Sir John Lubbock says, that there are races so degraded as to be entirely without religion. "Many, we may say all, of the most savage races are according to the nearly universal testimony of travellers, in this condition." And when the dawn of religious ideas seems to exist, it is curious into what fantastic forms the religious feeling shapes itself; dancing in some places, smoking in others, and drinking in others.

The religious ideas and life appear to us as the flower of a higher culture and a greatly advanced civilisation, and in the following chapters we shall place before our readers the teaching and ceremonies which belong to different systems; and wherever the Christian religion has taken root it has grown into a beautiful tree, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations, and under its shadows its people rest and feel the sweetness of the life of God.

It may be interesting to our readers to glance at some of the proverbs among some barbarous tribes, which we quote from *Tylor's Primitive Culture*:—

Beyond these practical qualities proverbs are instructive for the place in ethnography which they occupy. Their range in civilisation is limited; they seem scarcely to belong to the lowest tribes, but appear first in a settled form among some of the higher savages. The Fijians laugh at want of forethought by the saying that "The Noakondo people cut the mast first"—*i.e.*, before they had built the canoe, and, when a poor man looks wistfully at what he cannot buy, they say, "Becalmed, and looking at the fish." Among the list of the New Zealanders' proverbs one describes a lazy glutton—"Deep throat, but shallow sinews;" another says that the lazy often profit by the work of the industrious—"The large chips made by Hard-work fall to the share of Sit-still;" a third moralises that "A crooked part of a stem of toetoe can be seen, but a crooked part in the heart cannot be seen." Among the Basutos of South Africa, "Water never gets tired of running" is a reproach to chatterers; "Lions growl while they are eating" means that there are people who never will enjoy anything; "The sowing-month is the headache month" describes those lazy folks who make excuses when work is to be done; "The thief eats thunderbolts," means that he will bring down vengeance from heaven on himself. West African nations are especially strong in proverbial philosophy; so much so that Captain Burton amused himself through the rainy season at Fernando Po in compiling a volume of native proverbs, among which there are hundreds at about as high an intellectual level as those of Europe. "He fled from the sword and hid in the scabbard" is as good as our "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." The old Buddhist aphorism that "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over," is put with less prose and as much point in the negro saying, "Ashes fly back in the face of him who throws them." When some one tries to settle an affair in the absence of the people concerned, the negroes will object that "You can't shave a man's head when he is not there;" while, to explain that the master is not to be judged by the folly of the servant, they say, "The rider is not a fool because the horse is." The popular contempt for poor men's wisdom is put very neatly in the maxim, "When a poor man makes a proverb it does not spread."

[It must be understood that the above are the proverbs of a people higher than the savage tribes.]



HAMILTON ROAD CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

HAMILTON-ROAD CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

The foundation-stone of this church was laid by W. J. Lamport, Esq., J.P., on the 6th of May, and the building was opened for public worship on the 24th of September, 1871, by the Revs. J. Martineau and C. Beard, B.A. It is designed in the Gothic style, and will seat upwards of 400 persons. It is a plain structure, built of brick, with coloured bands and arches, and with a cornice of red and black bricks round the interior. The roof is covered with green slates, which have a pleasing effect with the brickwork. The windows are glazed with cathedral tinted glass. The singing gallery is at the end of the church, and has a large committee room beneath it, and the platform in the front of it. The vestry is a small detached building. The church is heated throughout by hot water. The total cost is about £2200, including the land. The building was erected to meet the needs of a congregation which for some years conducted worship in a room in Roscommon-street, under the generous support of the Liverpool District Missionary Association. The present minister is the Rev. J. Cuckson, who commenced his ministry in February, 1868. All the seats are free, and the expenses are met by an offertory at each service. The architects were Messrs. G. H. Thomas and G. H. Borst; and the contractors Messrs. J. Parker and Son.

UNITARIANISM IN THE EAST.

When we are told that during the last one hundred years no less a number than three thousand churches have been founded in America, where the profession of religion is distinctly Unitarian,* the belief in one God the Father, and the worship of one God only, the Trinity openly set aside and disbelieved in, we may certainly have high hopes for the faith we love and endeavour to promote.

But civilisation marches westward, it may be said, and we can never expect the east, the great east, with its teeming millions, to be abreast in religious thought with the far west. We must remember that all our true religious ideas come from the east, and that western speculation and pagan folly corrupted the true idea of God—the one undivided and sole God. And we have reason to believe in the plans of Divine Providence that the eastern part of the world will yet and again contribute its fair quota to the reformation of religion as it has done to the establishment of it.

As a section of the Christian Church we think the first great work needed for evangelising the world, for the universal acceptance of the Christian system, is the restoration in the Church itself of the doctrine of One God. The Jews are regarded as a people scattered over all the earth, bearing their testimony everywhere in favour of this cardinal doctrine of religion. The Mahommedans have been raised up as a great and wide-spread people to protest against the doctrine of the Trinity; and over all the east of Europe, and also in Asia and Africa, their voice is heard, their worship is felt; and the thirty millions of them in India bid fair to leaven that empire with the Unitarian theology. The Parsees also of the eastern world, and the Brahmas, with Mr. Sen at their head, constantly proclaim the doctrine of the undivided unity of God; they will have no Trinity among them. They are distinctly Unitarian.

It is said that we have no missionaries in those distant parts of the earth, covered with a population affectionate, and plastic to devotion; they are themselves the missionaries of this great truth, and we learn that they are disposed to look more favourably upon Christianity when they are led to study its own and original narratives in the Bible, and discover, not from the lips of missionaries, but from the book itself, that it is a purely monotheistic system of religion. Yes, we may yet hope for great religious results, when the nations of the earth are drawn more closely together as they are now doing, by the facilities of travel and the broader sympathies of humanity. The Christendom of to-day will find in this commingling of people the commingling of religious ideas, and that it has something to learn as well as something to teach—and the first great lesson that will be forced upon the Christian Church by eastern nations will be the necessity of a simpler theology. Already there are signs, in the confessions of missionaries, that the only chance of winning over the eastern world to the Christian faith is by a religion known to us as Unitarianism.

* Christians, Universalists, Hicksites, and Unitarians.

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together:
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and the joyous weather.

The slow and sweet and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Checked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild birds' happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill,
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stay,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces,
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair
With our music so sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,
And through the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love,
On those calm summits swelling.

HOW TO SPREAD THE UNITARIAN RELIGION.

Unitarians often deplore there is not a church of their faith here, there, and everywhere. How have other churches sprung up, but by the faithfulness of their people beginning a church, first in their own homes, then hiring a large room, then commencing a public service, and ultimately a building for worship, schools, &c. &c.? All graced the place where one earnest family—a poor family, too—made the first effort. To our people we say, go and do likewise.

THOMAS ERSKINE AND WILLIAM LAW.

BY WILLIAM GIBSON WARD.

Our gracious Lord, in his sermon on the Mount, gave us a certain test to discover false prophets: "By their fruits ye shall know them." We are willing, as Universalists, to stand or fall by this test.

The self-styled orthodox, but really the teachers of a false gospel, freely fling charges of infidelity and rationalism against all who preach or defend the Gospel the apostles taught. They anathematise all who maintain that Christ is "the Saviour of the world"—that "all flesh shall see the salvation of God." Positively, orthodoxy has become so alien to the Scriptures that all who have a firm faith and an unshaken trust in the promise of our Lord, that he "will draw all men unto him," are at once disowned, condemned, and threatened with hell fire. That is, fidelity to the words of God, of Christ, and of the apostles, is infidelity to the orthodox. We may well glory in such infidelity, the leaders of our company being Christ and the apostles.

It has been said that Protestantism never produced but two saints *par excellence*. And these two happened to be advocates of universal restitution. William Law and Thomas Erskine. Of William Law, to those who know his history, I need say nothing. His magnificent intellect, his well stored intelligence, his holiness, and humility are indisputable. And he lived, and taught, and fought for the truth. Stood faithful amongst the faithless when religion in England was nearly void of spiritual life, a mere hireling profession, an empty form, or a superstitious charm. To those who know nothing of him, no words of mine can convey anything like a full idea. Suffice it, England never produced a more saintly character, a more acute theologian, or a more heroic combatant for truth than William Law, a Universalist.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—'This was a man.'"

Thomas Erskine, of Linluthen, was a Scotchman; born October 13th, 1788, and died March, 1870. He came of a family remarkable for good and great men. He was educated for the bar, and not for the

pulpit. But inheriting in early life the family estates, he was released from the toil and drudgery of a profession. And for the great period of his long life his thoughts, and voice, and pen, were all devoted to diffusing true notions of our Lord's work, and "the purpose of God in the creation of man." And he did his work, not only nobly and courageously, but graciously. He always manifested "high erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Some idea of the sweetness of his religious life may be gained from an expression of the late eminent Alexander J. Scott, one of the deep thinkers of our day, and one of the stars in the religious hemisphere. He wrote to Thomas Erskine, "Everything that reminds me of God reminds me of you." The present Bishop of Argyle, Dr. A. Ewing, knew a clergyman who had travelled from a distance to consult him upon some religious topic, hurrying from his room, exclaiming to those outside, "Do not speak to me, I wish to remember what he said. I have read of saints, but before I never saw one."

The lives of these men, William Law and Thomas Erskine, have yet to be written. We may fervently hope that some one may be raised up with an intellect as expanded and sanctified as theirs —a Christian experience like theirs— that the world may read their history with admiration, and seek to follow in their footsteps, and say in the fervency of an enthusiastically awakened soul :—

"The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing."

The printed works of Thomas Erskine are numerous, and some of them passed through many editions.

The value of these works it is not possible easily to overrate. Dr. Chalmers said of "The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," that "it was one of the most delightful books ever written." All of them are worthy of the same or as high commendation. They are remarkable for deep spiritual insight, and yet are clear, convincing, and suggestive.

As only a few extracts can be given, I will try to give a summary of his teaching.

That redeeming love embraces all mankind. That we are not living in a state of probation, but under the education and training of a Father—our great Creator. And the education and training involving perfect holiness are not limited to the present life. That the common view of faith, as being a substitute for righteousness, is shockingly absurd: That the too common view, that the intellectual reception and belief of certain dogmas work miraculously as title-deeds to eternal blessedness is degradingly heathenish, mere fetish worship. That the Atonement was not a blood redemption, or works for us, by Christ's task being a substitution, releasing believers from work or suffering. That Headship takes the place of substitution, covering all that is required without its errors and contradictions.

He rescued one of the most important statements of the Apostle Paul from the tomb of a false or unintelligible translation. The passage is Rom. iv. 25: "Who was delivered because we had offended, and raised again because we were pardoned."

Another common error, clung to very dearly by the preachers and hearers of a false Gospel, is the doctrine of substitution. Thomas Erskine corrects this gross error repeatedly. "When, therefore, it is said that Christ did or does things for us it is not meant that he did or does them as our substitute, but as our head. He does them for us as the root does things for the branches, or as a head or a heart does things for the body. He is given as a leader as well as a commander to the people; he leads them the way; he does not call on them to do things which he does not himself do. He is the forerunner for us entered; not to dispense with our entering, but to open the way for us, and keep it open."

The same want of space prevents me attempting any word of praise of the character and works of Thomas Erskine— though the attempt would be presumptuous. He transcends all my poor powers. The colossal greatness of his spiritual build creates a feeling of awe and mystery more akin to worship than to criticism. But the consolation is, he needs no commendation from any human being to augment his greatness.

"Nothing can cover his fame but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him."

VALUE OF A GOOD HYMN.

We have often advocated the importance of teaching children to commit to memory good hymns. Indeed, we have felt a few lines of religious poetry fastened to the heart since the days of childhood the most precious of all our childhood's treasures. And Unitarian families have lacked greatly in a duty, that is common among other churches, of teaching their young people to repeat beautiful religious hymns and sentiments. It is not too late to mend, and to remember that while much of early instruction soon becomes stranded far away up the stream of life and for ever forgotten, a beautiful hymn, a sweet strain of music, a religious sentiment, warm with a mother's heart or a father's tenderness, glides softly down the whole course of life and sweetens it till the soul enters the ocean of endless being.

The moral value of a good hymn we have from a Boston paper.

A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the older one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair while the oldest shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phœbe Cary.

"NEARER HOME.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be:
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith."

The words, says the writer of the story, repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed, "Harry, where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" "Why, that one you've been singing." The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday school. "Come," said the elder, getting up, "come, Harry; here's what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say you will quit this infernal business." The gentleman who tells the story saw these two men leave the gambling-house together, and walk away arm in arm, and he remarked: "It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breasts of two tempted and erring men on the other side of the globe a resolution to lead a better life."

It was Dr. Doddridge who once said that of much he had forgotten, he had never forgotten the few lines his mother taught him, after the lapse of nearly seventy years; and that he felt a solace when he lay down on his bed in still repeating them every night:

"As I lie down this night to sleep;
I pray to God my soul to keep;
Wake I ever, wake I never,
Lord, receive my soul for ever."—Amen.

HUMANITY AND ITS IDOLS.

BY A LATE CHAPLAIN OF THE POPE.*

PART II.

THE idols which humanity has formed for itself from the earliest times until now partake more or less of the prevailing moral and intellectual position of the race, and of the individual by whom they are made and worshipped. They embody the highest ideal of which that time and those men were capable, and so far it is well. The evil is that too often a set of men, who intellectually have advanced beyond the more gross idol of their time, keep up its influence over the people, and seek, by the aid of a superstitious terror, which they know to be false, to keep the people in blind obedience and themselves in ease and comfort. Hence the origin of priest-craft in all its various forms and degrees, from the brutal terror by which the Druid sought to rule the painted Britons, to the more subtle but not less severe influence sought for by modern Ritualism. The ideal of the Last Judgment, by the immortal Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, stands there, a perpetual evidence of Italian genius, and—alas! of Italian priestcraft. For who does not see, in that stern and inexorable judge, in those poor suffering forms in those fierce demons, the means of terror, by which worldly and ambitious men kept down, for centuries, every generous aspiration, every free thought, of a devoted people?

The lover of art looks up to the grand picture with reverence, and studies the marvellous power of the greatest painter. The student of history sees in it a record of the religious belief of that century, but the poor ignorant peasant—those whom Christ came to seek and to save—they look up with fear and trembling to the inexorable judge, and seek refuge in the Virgin Mary, and live in abject poverty to give all to the priest (for even *her* intercession must be paid for).

"What do you do with the few half-pence gained by breaking stones on the road?" was asked by a little Tuscan boy.

"I give them to the priest."

"Why?"

"For the holy souls in purgatory. We are poor, but at least we are Christians."

* Our friend is about to proceed to Rome to teach our religion.

This generous, credulous child is but a type of the Italian peasant, of the women and children especially, and many times I have heard from them similar expressions of their own natural affection and of the influences of the priest; and they are not to be blamed. They are quite ignorant. They have listened with terror to the descriptions of the inexorable judge. They loved the relatives who, one by one, in age or in sickness, are gone from them, and, only too naturally, they believe and trust in the priest, who tells them he is sent by God, and can save those they so fondly loved from torment. They listen to him—look at such representations as those in the Last Judgment—and, shuddering at the thought, would give all—yes all they have got, as they say, "for the holy souls in purgatory." Wondrous infatuation in the deceived people! Still more wondrous the hypocrisy and falsehood of the priesthood!

Many times, when I was chaplain in the Sistine Chapel, and had opportunities to contemplate that magnificent *capo d'opera* of Michael Angelo—"The Last Judgment"—I have been horrified at the idea thus splendidly painted of the judge, so stern as not to have compassion upon his creatures, and the more frequently I saw the picture the more it excited in me this disgust, natural to a young and ardent mind, at the sight of resistless power crushing helpless weakness, so that I could not help exclaiming to myself, "If such were the Creator, I would rather not be one of his creatures."

It was a true and wise saying of the good English bishop, Jeremy Taylor—"We ought not to ascribe to God that which we should hate in a man!"

And even now, in this nineteenth century, must we not still say that the idea which men form to themselves of the character of God exercises a most important influence upon their own character and upon the misery or happiness of the human family? From the too common conception of God as an inexorable judge are derived many of the sorrows of human life, and, above all, thence may be traced many of those murderous wars which from the earliest times until now have disturbed the harmony of creation. The worship of such a Being still terrifies the weak-minded, checks freedom of thought,

hedges round the truth with creeds and formularies, and makes sacred and apart a set of men who can, they say, save men from His wrath, and include them amongst the few who are chosen. Thus the poison of priestcraft, in a milder form, still exists amongst us, with its bitter fruits, spiritual pride on the one side, and abject fear on the other, whilst both look to the priest to guide them infallibly on the way to heaven and to save them from the wrath to come.

In every age, then, the idea which men form of the character of the object of their worship exercises a most important influence upon their own character and happiness. It is therefore earnestly to be deprecated that any set of men should be allowed from motives of worldly and selfish ambition to impede the development of the highest ideal of which at any time the individual or the race may be capable. And yet the pages of history are full of the records of sanguinary wars, of the dungeon, the torture, and the stake, by which the "powers of this world" have sought to extinguish the "light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

If, notwithstanding this, humanity has made progress, it is solely owing to the generous and superhuman efforts of the apostles of truth and liberty, who in every time and in every country have arisen with indomitable and unconquered courage to oppose the tyranny of despotism and to propagate the harmonising power of law—of that law which is the voice of the people, and which is God Himself, who manifests himself in man, rendering him master of the universe, and that, because He loves His creature, being *God all love.* It is on this account that man is bound to respond by a pure and sincere love to God—not forced to obedience by that fear of hell which is continually thrown in our way by those who would govern through fear.

Neither ought we to love God for the sake of the glorious rewards of heaven, for thus doing the love would become merely a mean and selfish desire. Humanity should love God sincerely as the *Infinite Good*, adoring Him as our most loving Creator, and considering ourselves as his children.

GUISEPPE MARIA CAMPANELLA.

PERSON IN RELIGION.

BY C. B. BARTOL.

I AM to speak of person in religion: for not earth and sea and sky, but persons, make the world for us. The living is the only truth. Like the cable or wire with its lightning-pen, writing on the opposite of the globe as a leaf, person turns truth into power and puts it in gear. For truth is like a will: it requires not only articles and items, but an executor.

To take at once the crowning case, I suppose Jesus spoke simply when he said, "I am the truth." The English essayist, speaking of those whom one would wish to have seen, such as Milton and Shakspeare, and what marks of respect we should show them, says, should Jesus Christ come into the room, we should stoop to kiss the hem of his garment. Hence the unprecedented number of attempts still to take his measure, by Strauss, Renan, Furness, and others—"Ecce Homo," "Ecce Deus," "Deus Homo"—and more proposals announced. Where is the secret but in the pre-eminent vitality of his spirit! Miracles, says Alexander Dumas, are the *coups d'etat* of God. Christ's genuine wonders are the personal force and natural flow of his soul. Critics have for ages been impatient of his continuance. They have been saying for eighteen hundred years, He draws too much attention: he stays too long—

"Superfluous lags a veteran on the stage."

But he seems young as ever. Somehow we cannot get rid of him. Voltaire got so tired of his name, he said, "Let me never hear it again:" yet Voltaire could not help mentioning it over and over again, as often as any bishop of the French Church. My friend, who twenty years ago thought his figure an optical illusion, last year declares it vain to deny that we lean on him yet. Another, alike sincere and noble friend, well disgusted at the conventional and superstitious repetition of "Lord, Lord," which disgusted Jesus himself just as much, would have him removed from the scene, to let living men of to-day perform their seasonable parts. But who shall carry him out? Thrust Nature out with a pitchfork, she comes back; and he is a piece of Nature—no antique, as we say of statues and bronzes dug up from Roman soil. Therefore he reappears, cannot be killed off by Jew or Roman, or headsman.

How strange and absurd to some it seems! They declare there is no such man; Jesus is one, and Christ is another. But both terms keep slipping from their discriminating mouths and running from their sharp-nibbed quills. All is explained in the fact that he is no fiction, but a mighty person. Delusion, pure as it is, to make him an idol of finality, co-extensive with the Infinite, and identify the Individual with the Eternal, as if God and Nature were spent, yet his transcendent personification of truth on the stage of time is his indefeasible title. It embalms him alive, longer than king's corses were ever kept dead, for an expression of Divinity and an ideal of Humanity. As the French have a word, *viability*, meaning the length of life for which any man's physical constitution is fitted, so the date of a man's reputation, of Christ's as a man, is no accident, but a law. We cannot shorten or shoulder it aside by wilful rejection, passing resolutions at a meeting, or writing an article in a magazine. Errors about him we may discard and remove. They will drop of themselves, like decaying fruit from the tree, before the blaze of science. The transports of piety, from a growing sense of God in the human soul, will show him no Infinite Spirit, but saint and prophet, though history adopt him for the chief. Meanwhile, why be afraid, as some seem to be, of the words Jesus and Christ? Like all other words, which men use or abuse, only pronounce them with their due significance! How diverse their import from different lips! Our ignorance or affectation takes them in vain as much as the street passion that puts them into an oath. Utter them intelligently in the right connection and proportion, and no prejudice will be perpetuated or lie told. What is profanity but to use any words—God, Christ, Heaven, Devil, Holy Ghost—without meaning. . . . .

On such examples as Christ, of never-past but imperishable worth, not on abstractions, we live. They make our moral capital; and we might as well try to subsist on our separate creations of property—throwing away the accumulations of our progenitors, that have so transformed the planet, antediluvians would not recognise it—as depend for mental nurture on private opinions. We cannot rid ourselves of the riches of our race. What fool—for he can be no philosopher—proposes to begin *de novo*, despising traditions, when we are all of us traditions ourselves? My friend, spiritual aboriginal as you think yourself, you live in the Christian era; and your exact period in it—will you or will you not—must be inscribed on your gravestone, and in your biography, if you get one. We cannot unsphere ourselves, more than the aëronaut, whom the earth, good, careful mother, lets run up a little way, holding him all the time, and drawing him back with her apron-strings—that, having borne him of her womb, she may hush him to sleep in the bed that will be so pleasant at last.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
  And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
  The fragrant dew to hold.
Without the lue-birds whistled
  High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still!
Snatching at the shine and the shadow
  That danced on the lattice sill!

His eyes were wide as blue-bells;
  His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown!
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah, me! in a darkened chamber
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
  We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
  And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the rising dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
  With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves,
  Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
  With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

FOUR PRIDES.—There are four kinds of pride of which we should beware: *Race* pride, pride in our ancestors. *Face* pride, pride in our beauty. *Place* pride, pride in our position. *Grace* pride, pride in our religion.—*Rev. J. Bolton.*

A TOO CANDID BOY.—A good story is told of Mr. John Ramsey, whose life has just been published. He was speaking one day of the old practice of rough-and-ready word-and-blow correction, and illustrated it as follows: "I min' weel, when I was scarcely five years old, how my mither taught me that. The good woman had been hearing me repeat the Lord's Prayer. She had added to her other instructions that night the information that the next night she wished me, in addition, to say something of my own—something that I earnestly desired God to grant me. Ye can fancy her amazement, when from the lips of her kneeling boy there arose the petition, 'O Lord, gi'e my mither a better temper. Mak' her—.' The din that instantly ran through my head rings in it now when I'm speaking o't."

THE BIBLE.—John Ruskin, in his last "Letter to the Working Men of Great Britain," says of his boyhood training:—"My mother formed me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it, every syllable through, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year; and to that discipline I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature."

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco. "It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones, and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power." We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison.

THEOLOGY AND SONG.—Dr. Bartol said about singing Calvinism: "It seemed to him that the great test question about any truth is, "Can it be sung? can it be set to music?" The words of Jesus were of themselves rhythmical; they were a song of hope, a chant of courage; but this test would make sad work of dogmatic theology. We should have trouble to sing Calvinism. Election is not musical, nor is everlasting punishment melodious. Father Taylor once said, in his presence, to Dr. Bushnell, "Can a Calvinist be a Christian?" "Of course he can" said Dr. Bushnell. "Don't be so fast. You say the Lord elects him—that is to say, he is pushed into heaven at the end of a stick. Now suppose, after a term of years, the Lord thinks he will turn the stick round, and push him into the other place. Would he be satisfied? If he wouldn't he's no Christian."

VALUE OF MASSES.—The Abbe Malot, expressing a doubt to Richelieu how many masses would save the soul, the Cardinal replied; "Pho! you're a blockhead! as many as it would take snowballs to heat an oven."

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.—"Now, children, said a Sunday-school gentleman visitor, who had been talking to the scholars about "good" people and "bad" people, "now, children, when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others: what is the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "Because some are good and others bad," but to his discomfiture the shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor!"

UPSETTING SIN.—The story is told of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's *besettin'*, not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat is so it's so. But I was praying de Lord to save us from the sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

A REASON FOR A SECOND BAPTISM.—A few weeks ago a baby was taken into a church to be baptised, and his little brother was present during that rite. On the following Sunday, when baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why no," replied his mother, "don't you know, my son, that people are not baptised twice?" "What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"

FORGIVENESS.—"I once saw," said an Abbot of Sinia, three solitaries who had received the same injury. The first was troubled and indignant; but still, because he feared Divine justice, he held his peace. The second rejoiced on his own account at the evil treatment he had received, because he hoped to be compensated therefor, but he was sorry for him who had committed the outrage. The third, thinking only of his neighbour's sin, was so moved by it—for he truly loved him—that he wept freely. Thus may we see, in these three servants of God, the working of three different motives: in one, the fear of punishment; in another, the hope of reward; in the last, the unselfish tenderness of a perfect love."

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